THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1809.

ON DELICACY.

THERE is certainly no attribute to female worth which can in any degree compare with true delicacy. It is a perfection of the mind, so admirable, and so insinuating, that all blemishes of person or temper seem comparatively immaterial. This delicacy, however, must be the legitimate offspring of good-breeding and sensibility; not the child of fastidiousness or affectation. It is not to be traced in the squeamish caprices of a modern fine lady, a novel-reading miss, or a stage-struck heroine. It consists not in nervous tremors, hysteric screams, or unreasonable antipathies; but in a regular propriety of conduct, blending modesty with freedom, and politeness with familiarity. It is true delicacy, which shuns the society of the libertine, and the meretricious female, however high their rank, or dazzling their advantages. It courts not the voice of adulation, but timidly shrinks from the loud clamour of fame, and shuns the path of notoriety. At table it is temperate and complacent; in conversation reserved, yet occasionally

frank; studious to oblige, cautious of giving offence. In deportment free from extravagant gesticulation, or inelegant negligence: in dress chastely correct: a foe to finery, and a friend to neatness. These are the criteria of true delicacy, and by these alone can it be known. In short, it is a compendium of every charm and winning grace; without it the female character can never be completely amiable. It is that indefinite something which seems frequently wanting in the most lovely and accomplished of the sex; and which, though seldom mentioned in the list of a lady's qualifications, forms a magnet of attraction, and conquers more than killing eyes, or fascinating dimples: these may inflame the imagination, but they cannot satisfy the heart.

In the most trivial concerns of life, true delicacy heightens every enjoyment. It studies the accommodation of friends, the infirmities of age, the cravings of childhood. It arranges every thing with taste and discretion; it brings not together jarring foes to create discord, and defeat the end of society. It exalts not one friend to the debasement of another; it vaunts not its own advantages, nor arrogates merit to itself. Charity, humility, and politeness, are the handmaids of delicacy. E. T.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XIII.

INFELICITY in the married state proceeds from so many, various, and opposite causes, that it is almost impossible to lay down any rules for conduct, which are not liable to objection. A prudent choice is certainly a matter of infinite importance, yet so many perplexing trials occur after marriage, which could never have been expected, or guarded against, that the most circumspect may err, and,

by inattention to trifles at the outset, involve themselves in a labyrinth of difficulties, from which no admonitions or advice can extricate them. The following letter contains a complaint, which, as far as I can judge, is more a matter of imagination than reality; though there are too many of these self-tormentors, who are in great measure to be pitied; as every attempt at palliation serves but to aggravate the evil.

TO THE BUSY BODY.

MADAM,

As you seem a person of superior understanding in all that concerns domestic duties, and are, moreover, warmly interested in the happiness and welfare of your own sex, I am induced to apply to you for sympathy and advice, in a case of the utmost delicacy and importance. You must know, my dear madam, that I married some time ago, a man who once made me his idol; and I was so credulous to imagine, that I should still continue the object of his adoration. My personal attractions first gained his admiration, my accomplishments secured him as a lover, and my fortune rendered an union a matter of prudence as well as inclination. For some time our happiness was unalloyed; all my most trifling wishes were indulged, and two lovely children cemented our affection. What then, you will say, have I to complain of? A great deal. My husband no longer loves his home; I am still young, and still handsome; I dress to advantage, and never scruple to sacrifice my own pleasure to his; but it unfortunately happens, that our tastes differ materially on most occasions. In short, madam, although my husband neither uses me ill, nor neglects his children, I am not happy; a thousand little slights occur daily to wound my feelings, and I feel the painful conviction of having lost that tender regard which once made me the happiest of wives. It is my misfortune to possess an excessive share of sensibility, with a temper somewhat irritable; yet, I flatter myself, I have always done my duty as

a wife and a mother, and therefore beg you will have the goodness to insert this, with your own observations on the subject, which will, no doubt, meet my husband's eye, and perhaps serve to alleviate the evil complained of, by your afflicted humble servant, MARTHA MURMUR.

I should have been greatly at a loss what observation to have made on the foregoing letter, had not the good man himself, unknown to his wife, become my correspondent; and as his letter throws a new light on this mysterious subject, I shall, without further comment, lay it before my readers.

MRS. BUSY BODY,

As I find you are one of those kindly officious personages who love to meddle with other people's concerns, I make no scruple of addressing you, especially as my wife, Mrs. Murmur, has thought proper to lodge a complaint against me, which calls for an attempt at self-vindication; I therefore request that, if you publish her letter, you will do me the justice to subjoin this, or I shall no longer consider you in any other light than that of a prying impertinent old gossip.

When I married Martha Lovemore I was about thirty years of age; she was just two and twenty, handsome, agreeable, and possessed of no small stock of vanity: I wooed, and won her. Time, which mellows ardent love into steady friendship, abated the fervour of my passion; I did not love my wife less, but I was less impetuous in my demonstrations of affection. On this Martha soon took the alarm, and reproached me with indifference. Dreading the appearance of a neglected wife, she would be for ever clinging to my side, or hanging round my neck, and, if I offer to put her aside, or step over the threshold of the door without her, I am assailed with a volley of reproaches. My business usually detains me in the city till five o'clock; if I exceed that time by ten minutes, I am sure to find my wife in tears, and she "supposes I met with more agree-

able society out of doors; that I once hurried home with eagerness, but the scene is changed," &c. &c. All this, madam, may be vastly affectionate, but it is certainly very troublesome. Nor is this all I have to complain of—the watchfulness of my wife is ever awake to detect me in some act of indifference, and she has a thousand caprices every day, merely to put my affection to the test. Sometimes, when I have asked a particular friend to dine with us on the Sunday, she declares that she is sick for want of air, and I must drive her into the country. If I attempt to persuade her that the weather is unsettled, she reproaches me with acrimony, declares it is always the case, and that I prefer my friend's company to her's. Well, I send an excuse, and my wife, instead of being satisfied, finds a new subject of vexation. "She is sure I am mortifying myself to please her; she can see that I am out of humour, and, rather than displease me, she will stay at home."

Sometimes I say in the morning, "Martha, my dear, suppose we have a leg of mutton for dinner." Her reply is, "You shall have it, my dear; but I had set my mind on veal."—"Well, then get both," and I go out. When I return I find a leg of mutton, but Mrs. Murmur can eat no dinner. "Is there no veal?"—"No."—"Why not?"—"I did not think it worth while to have it for myself; so I got what you wished." This naturally vexes me, and I eat my meal without any great relish. If I praise any article of dress worn by another woman, my wife instantly assails me with—"Ah! Mr. Murmur, you once thought every thing I wore pretty, but your note is quite changed now." Her children even, which should prove sources of delight to her, are continual subjects of peevish complaints. I love my family tenderly, but there are times in which I wish to be released from the tumult and disorder which children occasion, and seek solitude, to enjoy my own thoughts. This my wife can make no allowance for; if I steal out of the house for an hour, she wonders where I have been, or

why I could not take Michael with me. When I come home, fatigued sometimes with the occupation of the day, I request that the children may be put to bed early; her answer is, "Very well, Mr. Murmur, I see the poor things are always a trouble to you; but, if you no longer love me, you need not shew your resentment to the innocent babes." Is not this enough to aggravate any man? In short, madam, it would take a quire of paper to repeat the petty grievances which my wife finds occasion to complain of, but in which I am the greatest sufferer; and I really fear that her very anxiety and foolish fondness will subject her to the misfortune of which she is in continual apprehension, that of alienating the regard of your humble servant,

MICHAEL MURMUR.

Thus is this mighty matter explained, and the boasted merit of Mrs. Murmur turned into her own condemnation. "Decent affection, and complacent kindness," are generally sufficient to secure domestic comfort; those who seek more are enthusiasts, and cast true happiness from them, in pursuit of a shadow. The romantic descriptions of conjugal felicity, with which poets and novellists embellish their works, are too fatally calculated to lead the mind astray; a thousand casualties lead to the destruction of the air-built fabric of fancy. The woman, who would preserve the lover in the husband, must not rest her claim on beauty, wealth, or accomplishment; nor must she set herself up as an object of adoration. It avails little that she submits her wishes to his on all occasions; if she lets him see the sacrifice, the end is lost; she makes a parade of obedience and affection, which wearies more than it gratifies. Perpetual complaints evince more selfishness than love; true regard is displayed in that generous indulgence which disdains to shackle the liberty of a husband; which sees his departure on business, or necessary relaxation, with accommodating complacency, and welcomes his return with tender assiduity and exhilirating

cheerfulness; which betrays no lurking suspicion, nor with misplaced fondness affects mistrust. There is a degree of tender artifice necessary, which may be impracticable to some tempers, but which might, on most occasions, be successfully practised—it consists merely in always appearing the obliged party—to consider whatever he proposes as intended to give her pleasure—to accompany him, whenever he wishes her to walk or ride, with the same alacrity as if she herself proposed it, or tenderly persuade him to go without her, when she perceives that he is aware that domestic concerns require her attention, and is yet unwilling to leave her. By appearing happy and contented she will always make him so; and while mutual confidence and rectitude of conduct justifies esteem, there is little doubt of their enjoying as great a portion of bliss as mortality can afford. With respect to their children, there is a time for all things; few fathers are indifferent to their offspring, but men generally love order and regularity; and take augmented pleasure in their caresses and prattle, in proportion as they are kept from being importunate and burthensome.

* * * *

But my attention is called from these imaginary sorrows, to a case of a most afflicting nature. The anguish of an aged heart-broken parent can receive no mitigation from the feeble consolation of a frail mortal like himself; all I can do, is to remind him of these sacred promises, which teach us to despise the trifling crosses of our present state, and look for a bright triumph hereafter, where innocence shall be safe from persecution, and piety be crowned with never fading glory.

ON CARICATURES.

THE name of Mrs. Clarke has, of late, become so infamously famous, that every thing respecting her has been eagerly sought after; she has, for some time, engaged universal attention: to the higher, the middling, even the

lowest classes of the people, she has been an object of curiosity and inquiry; these, however, are on the decline. Mrs. Clarke has strutted her hour upon the stage, and, in a very short time, (the sooner the better) she will be seen, heard, thought of, no more; she will yield her place to something that possesses greater novelty; a newly-imported monster, an Albino, a "green ass," a whale, or something "very like a whale," will make its appearance, and Mrs. Clarke will be remembered no longer.

The public mind appears to have been unanimous with respect to the transactions in which the above-mentioned lady has performed so conspicuous a part: the public indignation has been excited, and very justly: with this indignation, however, it is painful to reflect, that feelings of a contrary nature have been mingled, the tendency of which is not only to weaken, but to obliterate it altogether. The follies and the absurdities of mankind may be ridiculed, and successfully; but vice should never be made the subject of laughter. When men, from detesting the vices of others, come to laugh at them, they are but a short distance from guilt themselves. I am led to these remarks, from the deep regret that I feel, under the apprehension of the injury likely to happen to public morals, by the gross, infamous, indecent, exhibitions, with which of late the print-shops in London have abounded, and indeed do yet still abound; and these exhibitions, instead of being passed by with disgust and abhorrence, attract crouds after crouds, insomuch as completely to block up the pavement in several parts of the town. I shall not sully your pages with a description of any of these abominable pictures; but their tendency is much to be deplored. Do we behold a representation of any of the punishments due to vice? No: the disgraceful traffic which has been carried on, is made a subject of merriment; adultery is shewn to be a very good joke. There is something very droll in seeing a teacher of female youth in a variety of situations with an infamous woman and her paramour; representations of

the grossest debauchery and wickedness are extremely ludicrous. The laugh re-echoes through the assembled crowd: "Well, these are really the best of the kind I have seen yet; how very droll! I could stand all day to laugh at them." Such are the remarks excited by these performances: and what effects are likely to ensue? Alas! the most deplorable ones. A single voice, and that one very feeble, can scarcely do good; I cannot, however, refrain from lamenting the evil, though with slender hopes of doing any thing towards its remedy. People complain of the degeneracy of the present times: it is indeed arrived at an alarming pitch, and the exhibitions above censured are not among the least of its fatal symptoms. There are gradations of vice in the human mind, no man becomes at once abandoned; he set out in life perhaps with an unpolluted innocent heart; he detested vice in others, and shuddered at the possibility of committing a crime himself, but corruption springs up; the first step is made with terror, with reluctance: he advances, but his heart still reproaches him, and the blush of shame kindles in his cheek; by degrees remorse ceases to haunt him, and he grows bolder in vice: at length he commits it with undaunted effrontery, it affords him matter of triumph; is it not the last step to make it a subject of laughter and merriment? and this lowest pitch of degradation is the one which he has every day an opportunity of learning!

As I mentioned, in the beginning of these observations, that Mrs. Clarke's reign is nearly over, they may appear rather out of time; it is not, however, in this instance alone, that subjects, which should excite nothing but horror or indignation, have furnished employment for designers of caricatures, and as this is but one among many, the practice is, I fear, not likely to be discontinued; if, therefore, the censure of it is late, with respect to Mrs. Clarke, it will still apply to similar attempts to excite a laugh at vice and infamy.

Should what I have now said meet with approbation, I propose extending my remarks to some performances in writing, which seem calculated to produce the same bad effects with the exhibitions already noticed; and, in the mean time, remain yours,

P. M.

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from Vol. VI. page 241.)

AS declarations and opinions are frequently known to be at variance, so it happened in the present case; for though my relation had protested a belief that the surgeons and undertakers were leagued together, or rather, that the former promoted the latter's interest; yet, finding himself grow faint from the loss of blood, which continued flowing from the temple, he exclaimed, "Will no one fetch Gordon? or do you all wish to see me expire?" then throwing himself back upon the chair, and letting his arm fall in a lifeless position, sensation was for some moments totally suspended.

Mr. Gordon, fortunately, had been sent for, and arrived at this critical period. The mother and daughter both flew towards him, exclaiming, "Oh, thank God! you are come: for heaven's sak, sir, bind up his temple. Oh, save my husband!"—"Oh, save my dear papa!"

Mr. Gordon, with less humanity than I thought due to the afflicted parties, said, "Gud women, why ye will na let me approach my patient, who, if he be *deed*, requeeres na my assistance; but I canna see the use of awle these noises." Then addressing himself to me, in the broad

Scottish dialect, he desired me to inform him how the accident had occurred; which gave me so bad an opinion of his judgment, that I scarcely had patience to reply to the question, but, snatching up my hat, flew towards the counting-house, and desired one of the clerks to conduct me to the first surgeon in the town, convinced, by Gordon's speech and manner, that he was neither a man of abilities nor education.

In the office I only found a lad, about sixteen, who ran over about a dozen different names, at the close of which he came to that of Montgomery. "And where," I exclaimed, "does he live? Is he great in his profession? Does he attend people of fortune and consequence?" Being answered in the affirmative, I desired him instantly to conduct me to the house, which, fortunately, was not two hundred yards from my wounded relation's.

A carriage was at the door, and an elderly gentleman going to step into it; "that is the doctor, sir," said the clerk. In a few words I related my business, and in less than five minutes we were with Mr. Mackintosh. The moment Gordon saw Doctor Montgomery enter, (for he was physician as well as surgeon,) he seemed to feel his own insignificance, and the doctor's importance. Reanimation had taken place, but the wound was bleeding copiously, although as many bandages had been applied as would have made a turban for the Great Mogul. These were instantly removed by the doctor, who, placing his thumb hard upon the temple, suspended the circulation, to the astonishment of the ignorant practitioner, who, though the cause was evident, testified the utmost surprise at the effect. "Weel," exclaimed he, "Dooctor Montgomery, theere is ceertaenle sume charme in the tuche of yer thume! for arle the bendagees I appleed wud na stap the bleeding, and wha cud ha thought that leetle member cud ha produced sic an effect."

Doctor Montgomery made no reply to this ignorant observation; but, turning to me, inquired whether Mr. Mac-

kintosh was to be placed under his or Mr. Gordon's care; adding, that as the case did not appear to require the aid of two surgeons, either himself or Mr. G—— must retire. I hesitated not a moment, but, slipping a guinea into Mr. Gordon's hand, informed him, that as he had not been able to stop the bleeding, I should place perfect confidence in Doctor Montgomery's superior skill.

The golden harvest Gordon had reaped, seemed to compensate for the mortification of dismissal, and he took his leave with a profusion of bows. Soon afterwards Doctor Montgomery began examining the wound of his patient, and found that a variety of small veins had not only been cut through, but that an injury had been done to the bone. He was immediately bled, though it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to consent to the operation, from having lost so much blood; but, upon hearing a variety of judicious reasons from the intelligent surgeon, he consented to submit to his superior judgment.

I remained until so late an hour with my newly recognised relation, that the friends I had so unceremoniously left in the morning, began to think I had mistaken the way; and, as I approached the steps which led to their hospitable mansion, began rallying me upon the attractive charms of my cousin Jane.

Their hearts, however, were too exquisitely alive to the feelings of humanity, to indulge ridicule at its expence: and early the next morning my friend accompanied me to Mr. Mackintosh's, to make enquiries after his health. The natural violence of the invalid's temper, I found had displayed itself immediately after my departure; for though Donald's name had never been mentioned after the accident, he summoned the young man into his bed-room the moment I was gone, and worked himself up into such a fit of phrenzy at the poor boy's presumption, that the wound bled so copiously, Dr. Montgomery was obliged to be summoned.

Love, however, made a perfect hero of Donald, who,

instead of denying, acknowledged the truth of the charge; and declared he would marry the fair damsel the next morning, if she would consent to go to the Kirk. This temerity was so completely unexpected, that the indignation it excited was beyond all bounds. Donald was not only dismissed with the most opprobious language, but my fair cousin confined to her room, and the key given to her father; who, of course, during the whole night, never enjoyed one moment of repose.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from Vol. VI. page 295.)

LORD COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

Fladong's Hotel, Monday Morn.

THE first advantage I take of the honourable distinction which my friends have bestowed upon me, is to address a letter to the best of mothers, under the signature of M. P. For being a member of the house of lords, I am jointly indebted to chance and my ancestors; but for constituting a part of an elective body I am obliged to my friends, or, I ought rather to have said, to those dignified sentiments of independence, which you and my respected father took so much pains to instil; and never will I deviate from that rectitude of principle which you have pointed out to me, whilst my judgment enables me to distinguish wrong from right.

And now, my dearest mother, let me inquire after, what of all earthly things I feel most interested in, namely, your health; which, I fear, has suffered by recent anxiety and fatigue. This inquiry I mean to extend also to one of the most perfect of human beings; I need not specify her

name; for, partial as I am to my beloved Louisa, she must yield the palm of excellence to seniority. Oh, my dear mother, how blest, how supremely blest, would your Edward consider himself, dare he but venture to hope his ardent attachment met with a sincere return; yet, the vague account I have heard of Lady Charlotte's pre-engagement, has hitherto prevented me from disclosing a passion, which every hour spent in her society tends to augment.

Who this unknown favourite is, I have not been able to discover; and frequently have I been tempted to imagine, he existed but in report; at any rate, I implore you to put the question to her, and, if my hopes are realized, I will fly to the castle on the wings of love. I may possibly owe those marks of attention, which I have sometimes ventured to construe into proofs of partiality, to that tender attachment her ladyship feels to my amiable sister; but it is absolutely necessary to my future peace, that I should discover the real sentiments of that incomparable girl, and I know no method so likely to destroy hope, or promote happiness, as the one I have requested you to put in practice.

And now, my dear mother, having disclosed the real state of my own feelings, let me implore you to do every thing in your power to forward the wishes of my inestimable friend. Louisa's visit to the Pembertons, at such a period, was peculiarly unfortunate; as she may never have such another opportunity of studying the real disposition of any man. The more she were to see of Barker, the stronger must be the esteem she feels for his many virtues, and esteem would, I trust, soon ripen into a warmer sentiment; at any rate, I conjure you to frame some plausible pretence for sending for her, as I understand my friend's ship will be ready in the course of a month.

On my arrival in town, I called upon our worthy friends, the Douglass's, and who should I meet there but Lord D——ford. "You are the very person," said Mrs. Douglass, extending her hand towards me, "whose address his lordship called upon me to obtain." On what

subject Lord D—— was desirous of obtaining my correspondence, I had not the most remote idea; but politeness induced me to say something civil on the business, and we conversed some time upon general topics, when a pause taking place soon afterwards, his lordship requested his relation would permit him to invite me into the doctor's study. After apologizing for trespassing upon my time (which I had previously declared to be precious), he informed me, the mental and personal charms of our dear Louisa had made an indelible impression upon his heart; and, in fact, that she was the only woman for whom he had ever felt a sincere and ardent affection. He then proceeded to inform me, that his estates were wholly unincumbered, that the whole of my sister's fortune should be settled upon herself, and, in addition to it, he would add two thousand a year.

A proposal, at once so noble and disinterested, demanded not only my acknowledgments, but perfect confidence; and I candidly informed him of Barker's prior claim upon the little influence I had with Louisa; adding, that if his proposals were refused, I would endeavour to promote the success of his wishes; at the same time I informed him, he was at liberty to write to my sister, who, I was persuaded, would deal with and adopt the utmost candour towards him.

He received my intelligence with evident marks of disappointment, condemned the folly he had been guilty of, in not disclosing his attachment; alleging, as a reason, that Mrs. Douglass had assured him Louisa's heart was disengaged, and that you, my dear mother, had intreated that love might not even be mentioned to a mere child. Lord D——ford expressed his readiness to wait your own time, for the possession of what he termed his treasure; and took his leave with the determination of writing both to you and the dear girl. This young nobleman certainly bears a very exalted character, and is allowed to be free from the fashionable vices of the age; in rank and fortune

superior to my dear Louisa's expectation; yet I would much sooner behold her my friend Barker's wife.

I shall impatiently wait the arrival of your next letter, though I shall be all apprehension when I break the seal, as on its contents will depend my future happiness; for should Lady Charlotte's affections be fixed upon another, I shall, for the present, bid adieu to ease. Yet do not suppose, my dear mother, all the excellent lessons you have bestowed will be thrown away upon me, or imagine that I mean to play the part of a disconsolate love-sick swain; I shall in silence lament the perverseness of my destiny, yet at the same time endeavour to divert my attention from the too fascinating girl, by pursuing with avidity the different occupations which are attached to the new station I am called upon to fill.

I cannot conclude this epistle, without relating a circumstance which occurred a few miles distant from the metropolis, and which at once excited a mixture of pity and humanity in my breast, and which, I am certain, you will read the account of with similar sentiments.

About five miles on the other side London, the rapid movement of our carriage was impeded by a concourse of people attracted together in the road, and as Sir Charles Hotham prides himself upon the rapidity of his style of travelling, he ordered the postillions to pursue their journey, without inquiring into the cause. Curiosity, or, I will hope, a better motive, induced me to countermand the direction; and William riding up to the carriage door at the same moment, I desired him to inquire on what occasion the crowd had been assembled. He did so; and returning in a few seconds, informed us a young woman, and an infant in her arms, had been driven over by a gentleman in a phaeton, "and, my lord," said the humane fellow, "would you believe it, he only d—d them for not getting out of the way; though the people say the carriage went right over the poor young woman's body, and the dear little babe was killed upon the spot."

"And who the d—l is the wretch that has behaved with such inhumanity?" exclaimed Hotham, at the same time ordering William to open the carriage-door. "Let us see, Ned," said he, "if any thing can be done for the poor creature;" springing from the vehicle as he made the proposal. We were directed to an adjoining public-house by the indignant populace, who vowed, if the carriage repassed the village, they would break it to shatters; and were shewn into a room, where the young woman lay extended, apparently lifeless. The account of the child's death, fortunately, was exaggerated, as its cries saluted our ears upon our entrance; I eagerly demanded if a surgeon had been sent for, and at that moment the disciple of Esculapius entered. The wheel had passed completely over the poor woman's body, but, miraculous to tell, the child was not hurt; it was in a profound sleep when taken from its prostrate posture, which gave rise to the report of its being killed.

Hotham and myself intreated the surgeon to do every thing for the unfortunate woman in his power, promising not only to reward him for his trouble, but giving the same assurance to the master and mistress of the public-house. We left the latter, and her servant-maid, with the disabled unfortunate, whilst the doctor examined where she was injured; and ordering the horses some refreshment, strolled round the village, until we thought the point could be determined. Upon our return, we learned that two ribs were broken, and that she was otherways very much hurt; but she had recovered her senses, and informed the surgeon she was on her road to Portsmouth, for the purpose of seeing her husband, whom she had heard was dangerously ill on board the Europa.

At the name of the ship, I felt the interest I had taken in the poor creature's sufferings very much increased, and entering the room, I intreated her to inform me what was her husband's name. "Charles Corbet, your honour," replied the poor woman, "and a better sailor, his captain himself told me, never crossed a deck."—"The captain

told you true," said I, "my good woman; Corbet was one of my greatest favourites." Never shall I forget the poor sufferer's countenance, when I passed this eulogium upon her husband, who certainly was one of the best seamen on board the ship; but when I informed her I had been his lieutenant, and my name was Colville, I could scarcely prevent her from embracing my knees.

As Hotham and myself had predetermined to procure the poor creature every necessary comfort, you may be certain her near connexion with one of my old shipmates did not diminish the interest I took in her concerns; in short, I not only gave orders, but saw that every thing was comfortably arranged for her, and then called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote an account of the accident to Portsmouth; as the ill-fated young woman was fearful her husband would think her deficient in tenderness, as he had sent her a two pound note to take the coach, and she was walking to meet it, when the inhuman unknown drove over her, in the manner I have described. My passing at the moment seems to have been one of those wonderful events which marks the hand of Providence, and which irreligious and unreflecting beings are apt to attribute to chance. But the post is going out; I must not commence moralizing, or I shall extend my letter, and not be able to send it to night. Adieu then, my dearest mother; I need not urge you to fulfil the request I have made; say every thing that is kind and respectful for me, to the arbitress of my destiny; and every thing warm to the friend whom I esteem.

Once more adieu; may health and happiness attend you, is the ardent prayer of your faithfully and fondly attached son,

EDWARD COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

THE COXCOMB CORRECTED.

A TALE.

Translated from the French of M. De Gaudin.

A YOUNG French nobleman, accomplished, handsome, and of a most inconstant disposition, after having deceived innumerable fair ones, resolved to extend his conquests, and make the tour of Europe, in search of objects worthy of his notice, and of sufficient consequence to gratify his inordinate vanity. The Count D'Armance, full of this inchanting idea, repaired first to Spain; he knew it to be a country abounding in jealous husbands and intriguing wives, and he promised himself a variety of amusing adventures, which would increase his fame as a man of gallantry, and keep his mind continually in the bustle of plot and invention.

Arrived at Madrid, and pleased with the appearance of that city, he determined to make his stay longer than he at first proposed; nor had he been long a resident, before his roving fancy was attracted by the charms of a young and amiable widow. Donna Rosa was the mistress of a considerable fortune, not more than twenty years of age, respectably connected, lively, sensible, and capable of inspiring and cherishing sentiments of tenderness, to which her young heart had hitherto been a stranger: for her marriage, with an old man, had been in compliance with the commands of her parents, and not an act of her own inclination; consequently, although she conducted herself with propriety as a wife, and left her husband no room for reproach, her affections were still free to bestow on a worthy and engaging object. The figure and graces of the irresistible Count D'Armance made an impression, which he was soon aware of, and took care to improve to his own advantage; it was a victory highly gratifying, to triumph

over so many unsuccessful rivals. The count had too great a contempt of matrimony to think of forming any serious engagement; his only design, on the too susceptible Rosa, was seduction, and his vanity led him to believe that she would as readily fall into his snare as a score of credulous girls had already done before her. Entertaining too high an opinion of his own attractions and powers of persuasion, to dream of a repulse, he took little pains to conceal his views from the ingenuous Rosa; but what was his surprise, to find that her indignation equalled his own assurance. Tears, prayers, protestations of eternal fidelity, and all the artillery of libertinism, were played off by the disconcerted count, without success; Rosa was even insensible to the plausible arguments of the new philosophy; she not only forbad him to hope, but she resolutely denied him access to her house. Confounded and mortified by this unexpected rebuff, D'Armance yet consoled himself with the idea that the storm of her resentment would soon subside; he had frequently met with women who had art enough to manage matters in this way; and self-conceit whispered him, that Rosa would yet surrender, if he persisted in the pursuit, and conducted the affair with address. Satisfied with this persuasion, he penned the following letter to his charmer; and, with much apparent humility, delivered it himself to the porter at her door.

"The most culpable of men has the temerity to address the most virtuous of women. Oh, beloved of my soul! you whom I have so basely offended, could you but read my heart, and know the reproaches with which I now torture myself, you would pity the state to which my own rash folly has reduced me. Be assured that I cannot live, if banished your presence; deign then, adored Rosa, to retract an order too severe; I will appear before you only to abjure my errors, and ensure my pardon, by the sincerity of my repentance. I ask only to be considered your friend; yes, your friend: for I dare no more aspire

to the sweet title of husband. Should you condescend—should my penitence—but no, I have rendered myself too unworthy. Adieu, lovely and beloved friend; I wait your answer with trembling anxiety, and, till I receive my doom, agonizing will be the feelings of your unhappy

D'ARMANCE.

It may, perhaps, be thought that the vilest hypocrisy dictated a letter which contained sentiments so different from those usually entertained by men of gallantry; and, in fact, the count thought so himself: yet, in despite of his libertinism, a something like remorse stole across his breast, as he recollected the virtue, sense, and beauty, which he wished to sacrifice to his own licentious passion. The more virtuous the heart is, the less it suspects vice in others; this was the case with Rosa: she was the dupe of the count's artifices, and permitted him to renew his visits at her house. He solicited pardon, and obtained it; he now protested that his views were wholly honourable, and pretended to write to an old uncle in France, whose consent he judged it necessary to obtain, and waited only his answer, to make his vows inviolable at the foot of the altar. Was this true? No. What then could be his motive? Simply this: when a virtuous woman considers herself sacredly engaged to the object of her affections, her heart, full of tenderness and confidence, is easily lulled into security; prudence is thrown off her guard, and honour, too often, is the sacrifice.

These were the hopes and expectations of the count. Rosa had given him her portrait; every day he received the most tender and artless epistles, and, as he read the effusions of her accomplished mind and affectionate disposition, he felt sentiments of shame rising in his breast and tinging his cheek with blushes; but again the false prejudices of society, especially that society in which he had hitherto mingled, banished those laudable emotions; he laughed at his own indecision, and determined to proceed

at all events. One day, when he dined with Rosa, he perceived that she regarded him with more tenderness than usual, that her looks were animated beyond their accustomed expression, more lively, more passionate. He dared to encroach on her indulgence, and was again petrified by her majestic defiance of his vile artifice. Filled with horror and despair, at beholding in her lover that odious character, the seducer of innocence, she broke from his impassioned grasp, and while the indignant glances of her eyes darted lightning on the wretch before her, she commanded his absence in a tone which he could no longer mistake, or presume to disobey. With confusion in his eyes, and fury in his soul, he rushed into the street, almost suffocated with rage; he stopped before a splendid hotel, which he knew belonged to the celebrated Leonora Marquise De Castella. We have not yet introduced this character, we will therefore take this opportunity of presenting her picture to our readers:—Her shape and figure were graceful and commanding, her features regularly handsome, her manners persuasive and insinuating, her character notorious, her heart deceitful, her head crafty, and her conduct scandalous. The death of her husband had left her in possession of wealth and liberty, which she applied to the worst purposes.

The marquise was a kinswoman of Rosa's, but the difference of sentiment which prevailed in their characters prevented any social intimacy. When they met, Rosa freely censured the conduct of her relation; while Leonora, impatient of her reproofs, and envious of her superior virtue, cherished a secret malignity, which wanted only opportunity to break forth into implacable vengeance. She had often been in company with the count, when his decided preference of Rosa had piqued her vanity, and incited her to revenge; all her pressing invitations had been hitherto disregarded by D'Armance, but, at this moment, bursting with resentment against his obdurate charmer, he sought an alleviation of his chagrin in the blandishments of this

seducing feniale, who, next to the incomparable Rosa, was the handsomest woman in Madrid; and, what pleased him more, she would prove an easy conquest: these considerations, with the additional view of piquing Rosa, urged him to enter. Leonora uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy at sight of him, and begged to know to what happy chance she might ascribe the honour of his visit. Summoning his usual assurance, our inconstant put on an air of easy gallantry, and replied, "Chance, madam, has had no share in affording me the pleasure of paying my respects to you. I do not deny that I have been conducted hither by a guide, generally reputed to be blind; but that assertion must undoubtedly be a calumny, when he proves his discernment by leading me to you."

At this overstrained compliment Leonora laughed; she was too great an adept in dissimulation herself, not to see through it in others; and she somewhat archly reproached him for his tardiness, after having been so repeatedly invited. The count vindicated himself with warmth, and they were soon on the most sociable footing. "I swear to you," said he, in a moment, during which his senses were intoxicated with wine and levity, "that I think you the most beautiful creature I have ever seen; were you in France, you would make the men expire with love, and the women with jealousy."—"Ah, count, it is ungenerous to rally me thus."—"I do not rally, charming Leonora; I speak truth."—"And you really prefer me to all other women?"—"To all others."—"But you have not always been of that opinion?"—"Madam, you jest!"—"I do not jest; Donna Rosa, for instance!"—"Donna Rosa, what that prude! I certainly did amuse myself with her for a short time; but it was a mere whim, a caprice; but when ——————".—"She is certainly a stupid creature, and so full of prejudices."—"Say, rather of dissimulation; I have no notion of such rigid virtue; and I dare swear she could descend from her stilts with you."—"Stop, madam; I owe this justice to Rosa, never ——."—"Capital, D'Armance; I ad-

mire this language. Discretion is always an admirable trait in the character of you men, and I know equally well what to think of our fair cousin; she would find it no easy matter to withstand the persuasions of such a man as D'Armance. Apropos! does she write a good letter? Her style must be curious; I would give a trifle to see some of her high-flown sentimental rhapsody. Will you refuse me this mark of your confidence?"

The count had too much honour to comply with this impertinent demand, but the adroit Leonora knew well how to compel him to the measure; and affecting to believe that there must be something criminal in the connection, grew cold and reserved. To vindicate the wronged Rosa, and pacify Leonora, he delivered up not only the letters, but also the portrait of his virtuous mistress, to the most depraved of her sex. This was indeed a triumph for the marquise. She soon hastened to the house of her fair and unhappy cousin, and, with the malice of a fiend, taunted her on the loss of her lover. "I am more fortunate than you," said she; "I have gained the admiration and homage of the most accomplished of men." Rosa gravely began to remonstrate on the levity of her conduct. "Spare yourself these superfluous admonitions, madam," cried Leonora, "listen to me, and interrupt me not. The lover I speak of has had an affair with one of those women who keep up a reputation of virtue, but he soon grew weary of a farce so badly supported, and has confided to me all her letters; see, here they are, perhaps you can recognise the writing; here is her picture too; methinks it resembles yo —you look pale. Ah, my prudish cousin, is this your morality? however, take courage. I will only shew these tender billets to my most intimate friends. This lesson may be serviceable to you; you now see the folly of playing the hypocrite."

At these words she hurried away, without giving Rosa time to recover the shock occasioned by this base accusation. Leonora kept her word; she shewed the letters and

portrait of Rosa to all her acquaintances—some pretended to see the guilt of Rosa quite plain—others doubted their authenticity. They did not esteem Rosa less, but they execrated the meanness and perfidy of the marquise. The count himself was thunderstruck; he no longer felt any regard for Leonora, for every day brought him fresh proofs of her baseness. He pitied and adored Rosa, and deeply repented that he had madly been the cause of the indignity she had experienced. The more her amiable character was exalted in his estimation, the deeper sense he entertained of his own unworthiness; and he was convinced he could never again attempt to seek pardon of a woman he had so grossly insulted, and so deeply injured.

The unhappy Rosa, left to herself, bewailed the perfidy of her lover with tears of anguish: she would no longer appear in public; society had no charms for her, since she imagined that the finger of scorn was pointed at her; her doors were shut against all visitors, for she suspected every one of treachery and deceit; her sole consolation now was in offering up prayers to heaven, and in relieving the sufferings of the afflicted and distressed: she visited the public prisons, consoled the wretched penitents, and mitigated the sorrows of the unfortunate, by administering food and raiment. One day, when she by chance felt a desire to visit the cells of the criminals, she was informed that a new offender had been brought into confinement, who yielded himself a victim to the blackest despair; he even rejected his allotted food, and refused conversation with his jailor. Curious to see this unhappy mortal, and to bring him, by mild persuasion, to a proper sense of his melancholy situation, unbiassed by terror or misanthropy, Rosa requested admittance to his dungeon, and obtained the required permission. Her eyes, accustomed to the light of day, could not at first discern objects in the gloom of the dungeon; but the prisoner, hearing a noise, looked up, and no sooner perceived the fair widow, than uttering a piercing cry, he sunk prostrate on the earth. Astonished at a recep-

tion so extraordinary, and attributing it only to the agitation of the wretched culprit, Rosa endeavoured to reassure him: "Fear nothing," said she; "I do not come to insult your misery—I am unhappy, like yourself, though not guilty. Perhaps, like me, you suffer through the vices of others; speak then: if there is yet a chance, let me have the power of saving you: all I can do you may command."—"Oh, matchless woman!" replied a voice, suffocated with tears; "let not thy divine eyes rest on a monster so abominable; who looks for nothing, who asks nothing, but death."—"What voice do I hear?" cried Rosa, wildly: "What! horrible suspicion—in a prison—is it possible?"—At these words she snatched the lamp from the hook, approached the trembling wretch, and in his hagged features traced the beloved lineaments of the perfidious D'Armance.

The first impulse of her virtuous heart was a sentiment of indignation. The presence of the wretch who had betrayed her, abused her love and confidence, and sacrificed the proofs of her tenderness to an abandoned woman, could scarcely excite any other emotion in her breast; but this first impression did not last long—pity soon succeeded. The anguish of the count, his tears, his self reproaches, his forlorn state, his bed of straw, and miserable fare; oh, the tender heart of Rosa fully shared all his sufferings. For some moments both observed a profound silence; the count was the first to break it. "Oh, Rosa!" said he, "I am the most culpable of men; I ask nothing from you, my doom is fixed, and in an hour like this you may believe my assertion sincere—from the moment in which I so basely betrayed you, my heart has not known an instant's peace. It is useless to say how dear you were to me; my passions and vanity alone attached me to the infamous Leonora; but you are nobly revenged. I now detest my own existence, it is forfeited to the laws of my country: I am a homicide, but that is my least crime; I did but rid society of a villain; but, in wronging you, I was guilty of violence to heaven—I planted daggers in the bosom of innocence»

and endeavoured to blast that virtue I could not undermine."

"Wretched D'Armance!" exclaimed Rosa, in tears; "if your penitence is really sincere, all your transgressions are expiated; I forgive you from my soul. Relate to me the events which have reduced you to this horrible state; perhaps something may yet be done; you must not give way to despair."

The count, who expected nothing but reproaches, was subdued by this gentleness—his tears redoubled—he threw himself at the feet of Rosa—he would have thanked her, but his sobs impeded his utterance; and it was a considerable time before he could give her the explanation she required.

Deceived by Leonora, sacrificed to a new lover, and apprized of her infidelity, having caught them together, rage and self-defence occasioned the dreadful catastrophe for which he was confined; his rival fell beneath his sword, but his retreat was stopped at the door of the marquise's hotel, by several armed men, who seized and conveyed him to prison; he was visited the next day by the vile Leonora, who overwhelmed him with reproaches, and threatened to pursue him with her vengeance to his last sigh. The cavalier, whom he had killed, was a man of intrigue, and allied to some of the first families in Spain. The count was a stranger, whom no one would undertake to defend; consequently, death, or perpetual imprisonment, must be his fate.

Rosa had powerful connections, and she used all her interest in behalf of the count, whose antagonist, though dangerously wounded, was not yet dead; every day she visited him in prison, and every day procured him some fresh comfort and indulgence. At length the cavalier was pronounced out of danger, and Rosa joyfully flew to the dungeon, to carry the delightful intelligence of life and liberty to D'Armance.

The count, grateful and enraptured, poured out the effusions of his overflowing heart, without interruption; he then repaired to his own lodging, resumed his former elegance of dress, and then hastened, full of hope and exultation, to claim the hand of his adorable Rosa. Instead of meeting his fair one, he was greatly astonished at receiving the following billet:—

"D'Armance, while in prison, had a claim on my compassion, and no thought occupied my mind but anxiety for his deliverance; that task is performed, I am now responsible for my own honour: prudence, and a variety of indefineable feelings, forbids my receiving you here. If you are grateful for what I have done, the only manner in which you can properly convince me of it, is by your quitting Spain immediately, and for ever; by acting thus, and thus only, can you oblige and gratify your sincere friend,

"ROSA."

"What a dreadful order," cried the count; "yet I have deserved it:" he could say no more, but fell on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. The domestics ran to assist him, they conveyed him home; he was in a raging fever. He sent repeated messages to Rosa, but she returned no answer; and his illness increased to such an alarming height, that the ablest physicians were summoned to attend him. On hearing this, Rosa herself deigned to see him; she repaired to his bedside, he held out his burning hand, his eyes lighted up with fresh fires. "Moderate your joy, D'Armance; another trial awaits you still." Rosa spoke words of comfort; she allowed him to call her friend, and promised him admission, when he was well enough to call at her house. This did more for the count than all the medicines; he was soon well enough to avail himself of this permission, and, before his strength was re-established, he hastened to her door. He was admitted by an old man,

who informed him that Rosa was not there, but had left a letter for him. "What, another letter!" cried D'Armance, turning pale; "What can she have to say?"

"The promise I made to you, D'Armance, was given in a moment of apprehension for your safety; after what has passed, you cannot expect me to keep it. That I once loved you, I will not attempt to deny; that sentiment, thank heaven, is now effectually erased. My choice is a convent, for life; in that sacred asylum I will endeavour to forget the ingratitude of man, and the injustice of the world. We must meet no more; but as I have still a sincere wish for your happiness, and a desire to see you renounce those follies, which youth and improper counsel have urged you to pursue; listen to my advice, as that of a tender friend. Transfer your regard for me to my niece Isabella, she is young, wealthy, virtuous, and resembles me strongly in person; her father will consent to the union, and I shall die happy, in leaving to you all my worldly goods and my blessing. ROSA."

It was with difficulty that the count read to the end of this cruel letter; when finished, he tore it into a thousand pieces, and trod it beneath his feet. "What is Isabella to me!" he cried, in a transport of fury, "or all the beauties on earth; I love none but the barbarous Rosa; never will I wed another. Ah, why did she rescue me from the fate that awaited me, she has but prolonged my torments: oh, Rosa, this is deadly vengeance. But no, my tears, my prayers, will surely move her; good old man, tell me, I conjure you, what convent has she chosen? At your feet I beg the favour; here will I expire, unless you comply with my request."—"Thou hast conquered, D'Armance!" cried a voice, almost stifled with tears. The count looked up with surprise; the disguise of an old man was thrown aside, and Rosa fell into the arms of the enraptured D'Armance.

"Pardon me, count, this severe test of your constancy; I am satisfied, receive my hand, and let all unpleasant retrospections be banished."—It is difficult to describe the rapture of the count; he committed a thousand extravagancies, and could hardly believe his happiness real, till the solemn rites were performed, which secured to him his adored Rosa; and taught him the superior bliss of loving and being beloved by a virtuous object. At that sacred altar he abjured his former errors, and in his union with Rosa experienced a greater triumph than if all the beauties of the east had been subservient to his licentious wishes.

E. T.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE following is a beautiful specimen of Indian eloquence, and, in simple pathos, may justly vie with the orations of Demosthenes, a Cicero, or those of the most celebrated orators of ancient or modern times.

Logan was a distinguished Indian chief of the Mingoe tribe, and the faithful friend of the whites, until Colonel Cresap teacherously murdered his wife and children, in revenge of an outrage committed by a party of the Shawanee Indians, in the year 1744, on an inhabitant of Virginia. Logan immediately joined the enemies of the British, and fought against them with desperate valour. The British prevailed in the decisive battle fought at the mouth of the Great Khanaway, against the united forces of Shawanee, Delaware, and Mingoe Indians: they sued for peace: Logan disdained to appear among the suppliants, but sent the following speech to Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, explanatory of his enmity against the whites:—

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained

idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

M. JAQUES CAZOTTE,

Author of the poem "D'Olivier," and of the romances "Le Diable Amoureux"—"Le Lord Impromptu," and a number of little pleasing pieces, previous to the revolution had been comissary of the marine in the West Indies. He retired to live at Pierry, in Champagne, with a numerous family, of which he was the only support. He had long been celebrated in Paris in the *conversazioni* of the great, for his pleasing discourse, and the smartness of his repartees, and, as M. de la Harpe very justly observes, for his "original turn of mind, and for his infatuation with the reveries of the illuminati." At midnight, of the 21st of August, 1792, he was arrested in his bed, in consequence of the domiciliary visits, and committed to the prison of the Abbaye at Paris, under the pretence of being suspected of attachment to royalty. He remained there until the massacre of the prisons of the 2d and 3d of September; most dutifully attended by his amiable daughter Elizabeth,

who was only seventeen years of age, and who never quitted him an instant. After the horrid assassination of the faithful Swiss guards in that prison, and that of the Count De Montmorin, and several other noblemen, M. De Cazotte was brought forth, and, in the revolutionary jargon, ordered *à la force*—that being their phrase for instant murder. The moment the monsters were beginning their horrible butchery, his daughter threw herself round his neck, clung to his body, and prevented the uplifted instruments of death from falling on him, exclaiming, "No, you shall not touch him until you have taken all my blood." Her youth, her innocence, her beauty, and her piercing cries, together with the venerable appearance of her father, quite disarmed the cut-throats, who were so much affected, that they unanimously cried out, "Let's save him! let's save him!" at the same time demanding of him where his enemies were, that they might render him justice. Poor Cazotte was quite overcome at such unexpected conduct, and uttered, with tears streaming down his aged cheeks, and falling upon his daughter, "I cannot have any—for I never did harm to any body."

It is very singular, that the same night Mademoiselle Sombreuil saved her father by the same means, at the same prison, and that their ages should be exactly the same; M. De Cazotte was seventy-four, and M. de Sombreuil the same.

M. De Cazotte was immediately transported to the Conciergerie, where that example of filial piety, his daughter, accompanied him, administering every comfort in her power, until the 25th of September, when the savage revolutionary tribunal condemned him to the guillotine, and he expired at the place of Louis XV. exactly four years and a half after his prophecy of his own death.

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE birth-day of his Majesty, George III. is justly held by true Englishmen as one of the most glorious epochas in the annals of their country's prosperity; and, in proportion to the increased years of his Majesty's valued life, celebrated with an additional demonstration of devotion and splendor. I am persuaded that there is not a voice, however weak, that does not unite in the general thanksgiving offered this day to the Almighty, for the birth of so good a king; that there is not a soul, so unfeeling and unloyal, as does not participate in that general and spontaneous effusion of pleasure and joy, that, from the heart of the meanest subject, now re-echoes to the foot of the throne of that benevolent monarch.

Indeed, when the enlightened and sensible Britons, from the peaceful shores of their dear and native land, cast a sympathizing look on so many kingdoms, once happy and powerful, and now either levelled with the dust, deluged with human blood, or convulsed with a grand and noble, but, alas! perhaps, a last expiring struggle of their political existence; the melancholy view can but strongly impress on their hearts, generous and loyal, a still higher and deeper sense of veneration, love, and gratitude, for their good and virtuous monarch, under whose mild, wise, and paternal government, Great Britain has risen to that unparalleled pre-eminence of power, riches, and grandeur, by which, now, undaunted and invincible, she stands forth the redoubted champion of suffering humanity and loyal patriotism; gilds even the farthest verge of the habitable globe with the cheering rays of her glory, and, alone, casts a sweet heavenly shade on the too odious and heart-rending picture of this oppressed and degraded world's universal calamity.

Oh, noble and good king! In this day, so glorious and so dear to thy faithful people, I cannot, like the great and the rich, celebrate the anniversary of thy birth in the

sumptuosity of entertainments, in the brilliancy of routs; I cannot blaze out thy venerated and beloved name in the pomp of triumphal arches, in the glare of splendid illuminations; but, from my humble retreat, even now that the cannon roars and thunders afar thy power and glory, I will offer to thy Majesty a nobler homage, a more flattering compliment; I will relate a good and generous action of thy heart—an action that presents thy exalted character under so endearing and so amiable a point of view, that it cannot be too much known, and too often published. It was neither performed at the head of a triumphant and victorious army, nor witnessed by an admiring and applauding world; but it was crowned by the sweet smiles of approving heaven, and, before it was known to men, recorded by the angel of mercy in the annals of the just.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

Goupy attended, as an assistant drawing-master, at the palace of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales. When he was one day there, his present Majesty, George III. being then a very little boy, for some trifling fault was compelled to stand behind a chair, as a prisoner. Goupy was ordered to go on with his drawing. "How can I," replied the artist, "make a drawing worthy the attention of your Royal Highness, when I see the prince standing behind your chair under your displeasure?"—"You may return to your seat, sir," said the good-natured Prince of Wales: "but, remember, that Goupy has released you."

As Goupy grew old, he became infirm and poor. At the accession of his present Majesty he was eighty-four. Soon after that period, walking, in pensive mood and piteous plight, on the Kensington road, he observed the royal carriage, and pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the king's eye: he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked

him how he went on? "Little enough, in truth," replied the old man; "little enough: but as I was once so happy as to take your Majesty *out of prison*, I hope you will not suffer me to go *into one*."—"Indeed I will not, my dear Goupy," replied the good monarch, casting on the poor old man a look brightened with the tear of sympathizing pity; "indeed I will not." And he immediately ordered him a handsome allowance, weekly, which the forsaken artist enjoyed till the last day of his life; when he died full of gratitude to his royal benefactor, and calling on him those blessings with which a merciful heaven never fails to reward the exercise of benevolence and humanity—of that exalted and most noble virtue, which, in enhancing and endearing the splendor and the majesty of the British throne, has proved to be the truest basis of the glory of George the Third; and will be, even for ages to come, the surest and sweetest pledge of the happiness and prosperity of his great, loyal, and generous people.

June 4. N. FRAISINET.

ANECDOTE.

THE Prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Philipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended me; but these I bring back to you, as having no claim to them."—"You have, soldier," answered the prince, "doubly deserved them, by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours."

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XVII.

Nubilia in Search of a Husband; including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions. Ridgeway, Piccadilly.

THOUGH the idea of this work was avowedly suggested by "Coelebs in Search of a Wife," it is no servile imitation; nor can its merit be deemed inferior, if we regard the language, precepts, or reflections. It is written in a style unusually florid, and, in some passages, almost amounting to sublimity. We will not degrade a work of such superior excellence by calling it a novel; but it were greatly to be wished that novel writers in general would endeavour to exalt themselves to the dignity of intellect which distinguishes the author of Nubilia; and, setting aside the peurile flippancy of dialogue, which so unworthily fill their pages, substitute observations which may improve the understanding and correct the heart. That this is not in the power of every one we readily grant, but there are many who pervert the talents they do possess, and, yielding to the popular phrenzy, of writing scandal and promulgating error, produce, in the form of novels, the distorted offspring of their diseased imaginations; doctrines which virtue must abhor, and language at which common sense must blush.

It may not be superfluous to observe, that although the title announces Nubilia to be in search of a husband, her search is not such as can cast the least reflection on her delicacy. It is merely a prudent determination to reserve her heart for a worthy object, which she is ultimately successful in meeting with. This character is thus described:—

"A perfect contrast to the character of Mr. Thomson, was that of Mr. Vaughan, a gentleman of small fortune,

and one of the most intimate friends my uncle had. He was a young man, of no very pleasing exterior, and wholly without the foppery of politeness. His knowledge was extensive, and his colloquial powers eminent. He had the art of communication without pomp; he told what he had to tell with the ease of one whose mind, being richly stored, unburthens its produce without labour. In conversation he often entered the lists with Mr. Thomson, and vanquished him, sometimes, by the cool and irresistible force of simple argument. It was highly amusing to behold the latter (whose vehemence of disputation hurried him forwards without reflection), caught in his own toils, and striving in vain to break through them. When Mr. Vaughan had once detected him in any fallacy, he was sure to hold him to it till he renounced it: all his doublings and prevarications availed nothing. It was impossible to irritate his mind by controversy. If he was wrong, he calmly assented to his error when it was discovered to him. If he was right, no sophistry or collusion could bewilder him. The vast stores of his knowledge were always ready for use: and, uniting a very retentive memory to quick powers of combination, he was enabled to diversify his discourse in such a manner as delighted while it instructed. Those who knew little were not made sensible of their ignorance by any repulsive mode that he had of informing them; those who knew much, were pleased in having their memory quickened by his discourse. He fully understood and practised the maxim of the poet,

> Men must be taught as tho' you taught them not;
> And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

"Where there is a dignity of mind there cannot be frivolity of character. Mr. Vaughan had the former, and was wholly exempt from the latter. Towards my own sex, his manners were far removed from that exuberant devo-

tion which is a compound of deception, meanness, and imbecility. If a lady dropped her glove, he exhibited no agonies till it was restored to her, nor did he rush, with impetuosity, to the spot that he might be the *happy* individual who was to perform that *duty*. He believed a lady to be gifted with powers adequate to the task. If he walked out with a female, he avoided carrying her parasol for her, either over her head, or under his own arm: to this labour also he thought her equal. He always declined the distinction of attending them to a mercer's, a milliner's, or a linen-draper's; and for all these offences, (great ones they undoubtedly are in the eyes of many), I have heard him severely censured. For my own part, I considered them as evidences of a mind and character compounded of something more dignified than what is essential to the composition of a *lady's man*, as such animals are emphatically called. When, however, I behold the one sex offer, and the other receive, such unmeaning attentions, such vapid courtesies, I know not on which my contempt should fall most heavily. It is difficult to decide which is the most abject, the fool who pleases, or she who is pleased. Yet, I think, were I to see a monkey and a man exchanging compliments, I should prefer the monkey.

" Mr. Vaughan was a man of great kindness, and he never shrunk from the performance of the active duties of charity. He has, more than once, apologised for not keeping his appointment, by assigning, as a reason, a visit to some distressed or unfortunate being whom he thought he might relieve by his purse, or console with his counsel. Yet, he did not willingly speak of these actions: indeed, never, unless when the performance of them had impeded some other duty, and he was compelled to disclose the one in vindication of the other. He preferred truth to opinion.

" His notions of morality were enlarged and liberal. They were drawn from no sect, nor founded upon single doctrines. They were derived from man himself; they were built upon the simple duties of life. When he has

been led to disclose them, in speaking of the actions of others, I was often delighted to find, in what great conformity they were with those of my departed father.

" Of the company that used to assemble at my uncle's house, Mr. Vaughan was a frequent, and always a welcome member. The suavity of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and the virtues of his heart, rendered him dear to all who knew him, though, for want of that specious affability, that superficial polish, which belong to a *fashionable* man, he did not immediately excite esteem. He was naturally diffident; and sometimes, if the company were strange to him, or if the discourse was uninteresting, he would preserve an unbroken silence. This, by some, was accounted pride; by others, it was thought to result from a consciousness of his own imbecility. These defects, if such they may be called, operated against him in a first interview."

As a further specimen of the language, we subjoin the following extract; in which Nubilia pathetically describes the last awful scene of mortal dissolution:—

" The physician had been sent for, and he arrived soon after. I did not dare to ask his opinion, but wait, with trembling anxiety, the issue of events. In the course of the forenoon he expressed a wish to receive the sacrament; and after that solemn ceremony had been performed, a holy and placid resignation seemed to possess him.

" Delusion would now no longer aid me. I was compelled to admit the probability of what I dreaded, and my mind dwelt with agony upon the anticipation. I had an arduous task to sustain. My heart was bursting with grief, yet I laboured to conceal that grief, lest I should distress the last moments of a parent; lest I should add bitterness to the last struggles of expiring nature. How I acquitted myself I scarcely recollect.

" Towards evening he beckoned me to his bedside, and when I sat down he thus addressed me:—

" It would ill become me, my child, to conceal from you, at a moment like this, an event which I feel must

take place. It is the will of God that I should be taken from you. To his dispensations let us submit with holy confidence. He has granted to me a length of years that has been sufficient to see you arrived at that age which cannot be called helpless; and I hope he has so far blest my endeavours, that your mind is furnished with principles which will secure you from the paths of error. He hath graciously permitted me to leave you in circumstances of temporal welfare, which will secure you from the temptations of poverty, and enable you to dispense blessings to those who may need your aid. These are mercies which we ought to feel, and feeling, to acknowledge with humble gratitude. Where much is given, let us not repine that something is denied.

"To your uncle I have committed you for protection, till you shall obtain (if you ever obtain) that better protection which a prudent marriage will bestow. But in that *one* step, in that step which involves so vast a portion of human happiness, let me exhort you to proceed with deliberation. Of the utmost possible misery, and of the utmost possible happiness, marriage is equally the source. It distributes neither unmixed, but the proportions rest with ourselves. I would not have you expect unearthly bliss in an earthly connection. Prepare yourself for the fluctuation of comfort which must be expected to arise, when its source is not wholly within yourself. Do not let desire, caprice, or habit, govern you in a procedure, which, once ended, can rarely be remedied. Neither decide upon the mere dictates of the reason, without any participation of the heart. It is a union which should rest upon the former, but *must be* embellished by the latter.

"If," continued he, "nature would permit me, I could wish to say much upon this subject. I did not look to be so early called away, and therefore I had neglected to fortify your mind upon so essential a point. But, *in the midst of life we are in death:* who shall rejoice in the vigour of his days, and say to himself, thus will I do to-morrow?

Who shall build his hopes of this world, even upon the firmest foundations of the world? Oh, my child, let not my departure be without instruction to you. When I awoke on that morning, in which it pleased God to lay the hand of death heavily upon me, I arose, flushed with high hopes, and full with futurity. Many were the things that I promised to myself to perform; many were the delights that I anticipated; and many were the schemes that I projected. Where are they now? They are passed and gone, as the shadow of man that departeth with the evening sun. Let the solemn lesson sink deep into your heart; and, in the gayest and most assured certainty of your days, remember, that the invisible arm of death may be raised to strike you to the dust."

"I could no longer contain my tears: they burst forth with audible expressions of my sorrow, and I threw myself, in an agony of grief, upon the bed by my father. I embraced him, and wept most bitterly. I covered his parched lips with kisses, and could scarcely refrain from impious murmurs at the decree of Providence. In a short while my agitation subsided, and I looked towards my father. He was calm and collected. No perturbation was visible in his countenance. The cares of this world were incapable of reaching him. He gently chid me, and strove to fill my mind with topics of consolation. I listened with reverence: alas! I could not obey. He resumed the former conversation."

The Master Passion. Millar, Albemarle Street.

The author of this interesting novel has concealed his name; we can, however, safely assert, that he has no occasion to be ashamed of his production: we have, however, a slight suspicion that it is from a female pen, as women in general know best how to describe the tender emotions of the female heart, in all their intricacies. It is written in a neat and lively style, and interspersed with some pieces of elegant poetry.

The Mother's Catechism—The Catechism of Health—and, The Catechism of General Knowledge. By William Mavor, LL.D. Lackington, Allen, and Co. Finsbury Square.

When men of learning and genius, like Dr. Mavor, devote their talents to the service of the rising generation, something more may be expected than mere nursery tales of absurdity and trash. In such expectation the purchasers of these little Catechisms will not find themselves disappointed. The author has arranged his subjects with ingenuity, and on a plan entirely novel; progressively leading the infant mind from the first rudiments of instruction to the higher attainments of general knowledge; exciting a curiosity, which is gratified by a judicious, though simple, plan of information, suited to the capacities of children, yet comprehending a variety of matter, which too many mothers are equally ignorant of. This useful work will be completed in ten numbers, comprising a regular series of Catechisms, on important and amusing subjects. The three numbers, now under consideration, have already passed through a second edition. The whole, when complete, will form two neat pocket volumes.

Corinna of England, and a Heroine in the Shade. By the Author of the Banks of the Wye, &c. &c.

This is an excellent satire on Madame de Stael's celebrated novel; and while the ingenious author pays the just tribute of praise to the talents of that too fascinating writer, she points out, in a diverting and sensible manner, the folly, not to say madness, which would be exhibited in real life, were females to form themselves after the model of a Corinna, or a Delphine. It is admirably adapted to counteract the injurious tendency of those popular novels; since its deficiency, in point of ornamental diction, or enthusiastic sentiments,

is amply compensated by good sense and morality. The conclusion is rather lame and abrupt, but the interest is kept up to the last page.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. XII.

TO MAKE BROWNING FOR GRAVIES, &c.

BEAT four ounces of fine loaf sugar to powder, and put it into a frying-pan, with one ounce of butter, set it over a clear fire, and shake it well, to mix. When it begins to be frothy, remove it higher from the fire, and have ready a pint of red wine; when it is a fine brown, pour in part of the wine, and stir it well, then add the rest, stirring it all the time. Then add half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, six cloves, four shalots, three spoonfuls of catsup, a little salt, and some chipped lemon peel; boil them gently about ten minutes, and then pour into a pan to cool; when cold take off the scum carefully, and bottle it off for use. A table spoonful will serve to colour and season any sauce, gravy, or hash.

TO MAKE GOOSEBERRY JAM.

TAKE the finest large green gooseberries, not quite ripe, pick them clean, throw them into a pan of scalding water, let them remain a few minutes; then put them into a sieve to drain. When all the water has run off, beat them in a marble mortar, with their weight in sugar; take a quart more berries, boil them to a mash in a quart of water, squeeze them, and to every pint of liquor put a pound of fine loaf sugar. Then boil and skim it; put in your other berries, and having boiled them till they are very thick and

clear, put them into pots, or glasses, for use, covering the tops with brandied paper.

TO PRESERVE RED GOOSEBERRIES.

Put a pound of loaf sugar into a preserving pan, with as much water as will dissolve it, boil and skim it well. Then put in a quart of rough red gooseberries, not over-ripe, and let them simmer till they are softened. Set them aside in a cooler till the next day, and then boil them till they look clear, and the syrup is thick; then put them up for use, covered with brandy paper.

A COMPOSITION TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS, ANTS, AND OTHER INSECTS.

Take of the best black soap one pound and three quarters, the same quantity of flower of sulphur, two pounds of mushrooms of any kind; then put seven gallons of river, or rain water, into a barrel, which must be used only for this purpose. Let the black soap be stirred into it till it dissolves, then bruise the mushrooms, and add them to it; boil eight gallons of water in a copper, put the sulphur into a coarse cloth, tie it with packthread, and fasten it to a weight that will sink it to the bottom; stir it well with a stick for twenty minutes, and let the sulphur bag be well squeezed. This water, when taken off, must be poured into the barrel containing the other ingredients, and stirred every day, till it becomes offensive to the smell; the more fœtid it is, the quicker it will be in its operation. The barrel must be carefully stopped every time the mixture is stirred. This water may be sprinkled upon trees, or plants, with a small watering-pot, and it will effectually destroy any kind of vermin. If ant hills are in the way, they must have two, four, or six quarts of the water poured on them, and the ants must not be disturbed till twenty-four hours after the operation.

ANECDOTE.

A PERSIAN emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world: I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection.—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent," exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted."—"Bravo!" said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented; when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a-year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day."—"Delightful!" exclaimed the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

THEATRE, HAY-MARKET.

THE present company at this theatre is the best that has been known for many seasons; the principal are, Mr. Young, Mr. Jones, Mr. Liston, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Liston, Mrs. Eyre, and Miss De Camp. Mr. Young still takes the lead in serious pieces; and that promising young actor, Mr. Jones, who has so fortunately stepped into Mr. Lewis's shoes, treads the boards with the ease and vivacity of his predecessor, and has sustained all the admired characters of that respectable actor with credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public. It is to be hoped that the fame which Mr. Jones is now acquiring, will not nourish a vanity destructive to his fame, but that he will continue to merit the favour of a generous audience, by assiduity, deference, and unassuming propriety of conduct; and, like the laughter-loving veteran whom he has succeeded, be enabled to boast, at retiring, that he never once incurred the displeasure of the public, but ever retained a grateful sense of that candour and liberality, which encouraged and cherished his juvenile efforts.

On Wednesday, June 7, Mrs. Eyre, who made her first appearance in the character of Elvira, in Pizarro, for the benefit of Mr. Young, performed the part of Angela, in the Castle Spectre, and met with a more favourable reception. The public, accustomed to the vast powers of Mrs. Siddons, were not disposed to make allowances, and the performance of Mrs. Eyre, though correct and interesting, was damped by the illiberal prejudices of a few, who, not finding her abilities entirely adequate to the part, rashly condemned her as an actress destitute of talent. In Angela, however,

she retrieved her credit, and has since appeared to advantage in several characters of consequence. Her figure is genteel, and her countenance pleasing. She wants the majestic grandeur of Mrs. Siddons; and though not likely ever to become a first-rate in public estimation, she may be considered an useful and pleasing actress.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

This little theatre having been considerably improved, and fitted up with great taste, has been engaged by Mr. Arnold, for the performance of English operas and ballets exclusively; a plan quite novel, and well worthy of encouragement.

On Monday, June 26, it opened with an opera, called "Up all Night; or, The Smugglers' Cave," first advertised by the title of "The Admiral." It is said to be written by the younger Arnold, the music by M. P. King. The plot is ingenious and bustling, the language good, and the poetry superior to that of our modern operas in general. Most of the performers are new, from provincial theatres. A Mr. Phillips, from Dublin, sustained the principal vocal part, and met with most encouraging applause: his voice is melodious, powerful, and managed with taste: since the time when Incledon was in possession of his full powers, we have not had a candidate for vocal fame so successful or deserving as Mr. Phillips. A Mr. Doyle, from Bath, also appeared, for the first time, and was well received. Nor must the promising talents of Mr. Smith be unnoticed. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bishop, late Miss Lyon, were in full voice, and had some delightful airs, which they gave in their best manner. With such powerful support, the English opera can hardly fail of success. The comic talents of Mr. Dowton were advantageously displayed in the cha-

racter of a hearty English Admiral; and the piece was announced for repetition with rapturous plaudits. The Princess of Wales, and several persons of distinction, honoured the performance with their presence and approbation.

The favourite dance of "Love in a Tub," introduced Miss Lupino to a London audience; she dances with grace and agility, and is likely to become a distinguished favourite.

Observations on the Fashions.

GOSSAMER dresses, of pale green, made very plain, of a walking length, are seasonable and fashionable.—The newest bonnet is of the cottage shape, composed of ribbon, separated with narrow straw, and ornamented with curled straw, or an artificial flower; some small gipsey hats are worn.—Scarfs of coloured net, with worked borders, in white cotton, or chenille, are generally worn.—Long waists still prevail.—The colours most in wear are apple green and jonquil.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—White cambric dress, with a plaited front formed to the bosom.—Pink sarsnet pelisse, trimmed with white lace.—Straw Spanish hat.—Buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A white sarsnet slip, with an embroidered robe over it; cap to correspond.—White kid shoes and gloves.

Sand.

LONDON DRESSES for JULY.

Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, July 1. 1809.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO A ROBIN,

SINGING ON THE TOMB-STONE OF MISS M——.

WHEN summer's latest joys are past,
And dreary winter's hand is near,
While round thee blows the freezing blast,
Why, hapless warbler! art thou here?

Why perch'd upon a chilling stone,
Breathe those sweet notes upon the air,
And thus, unsheltered, and alone,
The fury of the tempest dare?

O say, why thus so strangely bold?
Is it because Maria's fled;
That, heedless of the piercing cold,
Thou bendest o'er her grassy bed?

Say, didst thou see her borne along,
And taught by instinct where to fly,
Art come to wake her with thy song,
And tell her that the winter's nigh?

Alas! poor bird! thy efforts cease,
Nor breathe such melody in vain;
Maria, sunk to endless peace,
No longer hears thy pensive strain.

Or, art thou conscious of her doom?
Does sorrow prompt thy artless lay?
And art thou on her stony tomb,
The grateful tribute come to pay?

If so—still let thy music ring,
In softest notes upon my ear;
The mournful cause that bids thee sing,
Bedews my cheek with many a tear.

Oh that Maria saw me weep,
And knew how much I priz'd her name!
But who shall break her iron sleep,
Or raise again her lifeless frame!

Yet, sweetest bird! thy strains prolong;
Borne on the winds that round us rise,
Perhaps my sorrows and thy song,
May reach Maria in the skies.

OSCAR.

TO N. FRAISINET.

WHEN busy care resigns his stern controul,
And leaves this mind from anxious trouble free;
While gentle languor steals upon my soul,
Well pleas'd, oh Fraisinet! I turn to thee.

For, oh! I dwell with rapture on the line,
That speaks a language to my breast so dear;
That breathes such thoughts, such sentiments as thine,
As melt the heart, and charm the list'ning ear.

The various beauties of thy moral page,
Tho' oft perus'd, still more and more admir'd,
Shall live applauded to the latest age,
Till genius is unknown, and taste expir'd.

Pursue thy track—preserve it to the end,
For heav'n approves, and virtue calls thee friend.

OSCAR.

ON THE

THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, LATE OF PORTSEA.

(See Page 92, August 1806.)

1.

WHILE sweets of incense, breathing spring,
The roseate paths of May prepare;
The feather'd race united bring
Their greetings on the ambient air,
Where mingled joys, in strains harmonious float,
And echo lengthens out each lingering lay,
While Philomel, with well-known plaintive note,
Attunes the grove at each departing day;
That sacred moment I revere,
When death's relentless stroke,
Distill'd the tributary tear,
And friendship's union broke.
While thus, where melancholy loves to roam
Among the silent mansions of the dead,
Leaving awhile the sweetly solemn grove,
The records of departed worth to read.
" Once more, Eliza, may I fully know
" The soul subduing charms of friendship, free from woe.

2.

" Departed maid, ah! whither borne
" The spark that grac'd thy faded frame,
" That lays undeck'd by sculptur'd urn,
" Or tomb, to shew thy much lov'd name;
" Did HE, who rules where yonder systems glow,
" Self-balanced in immeasurable space,
" Behold thy sterling worth while here below,
" And mark thee with his all-prevailing grace?

" He did: and lo! thy gentle mind,
" That blossom'd here on earth,
" For brighter regions were design'd,
" The climes that gave it birth.
" Yes, emanating form, the source of love,
" That soul of pure quintessence uncreate,
" He fram'd immortal, as his realms above,
" In co-existence with the triune state."
Thus far I mus'd.—Her voice I seemed to hear,
In wonted accents, mild dispelling every fear.

3.

" Thy thoughts may heaven improve," she said,
" From whence all good spontaneous sprung,
" For, number'd with the silent dead,
" Thine obsequies will soon be sung.
" The longest pilgrimage is but a span;
" 'Tis but a shadow, while the substance flies
" Afar with innocence, from sinful man,
" To unpolluted shores beyond the skies.
" O haste, lest sin ensnare thy soul;
" Revere the sacred cross:
" Beware of passions, base and foul,
" That dwell on earthly dross.
" Still in Jehovah's promises confide;
" Full soon shall time divide life's silver cord;
" O trust in HIM. For thee the Saviour died;
" For thee he leaves his precepts and his word;
" The heavenly shepherd's warning voice invites
" His flock to pastures fill'd with ever new delights.

4.

" No happiness, unmix'd with pain,
" Thy tempest-beaten bark shall find;
" For earth's extensive wide domain
" Affords no harbour for the mind.
" The immaterial spark divine within,
" From more exalted origin began
" Its bright career; till marr'd by depths of sin,
" And all the ills that haunt mistaken man.

"That spark, when free from mould'ring dust,
"More swift than light shall soar,
"Through climes appointed for the just,
"To heaven's immortal shore.
"Our friendship there shall no cessation feel,
"But, bright'ning in the beams of love and truth,
"Shall grow divine. Its bond shall pass the seal
"Of heav'n impress'd with undecaying youth.
"O then prepare to meet th' important day,
"When heaven's triumphant king his banners shall display."

J. S.

SONNET,

Respectfully inscribed to J. M. L. on reading the "*Tear of Sorrow,*" which appeared in the last Number.

FOND youth, still linger near thy Julia's shrine,
And undisturb'd affection's tribute pay;
Still on her grassy bed at eve recline,
To dedicate love's chaste and purest lay.

Or sadly pacing o'er the dusky plain,
Mid echo's list'ning scenes thy griefs reveal;
For soft and soothing is thy melting strain,
And sweetly on the ear thy wild notes steal.

And as 'neath twilight ev'ning's sombre shade,
Thou thus from ev'ry busy eye canst creep,
To the green pillow of the sainted maid,
And o'er thy Julia's clay-cold relics weep;
Her angel form shall check the bursting sigh,
And with a seraph smile the *Tear of Sorrow* dry.

THEODORE

ENIGMA.

WHEN first th' æthereal vault of heav'n was made,
And earth's foundations in the deep were laid
By the Creator's hand, I took my birth,
And still shall last coeval with the earth.
'Tis I unfold the things conceal'd from sight;
'Tis I that bring the hidden truth to light;
The touchstone I, by which all things are tried
The leveller, that humbles earthly pride,

I bend the oak—subdue the lofty tow'r—
And rocks and solid marble own my pow'r.
'Tis I that bring all living creatures forth—
'Tis I that lay them in their mother earth.

My usage here is various, as the mind
And dispositions of the human kind:
Abus'd by some—by others highly priz'd—
By many valued—but by most despis'd.
My worth is disregarded, and unknown,
Too oft, alas! till I'm for ever flown;
And thousands then have vainly to deplore,
The loss of what they never priz'd before.
Reflect a while, reflect, ye thoughtless fair!
Lest this should be your own sad case, beware:
Alas! how many thousands, ev'ry day,
Attempt to put me shamefully away!
How many thousands try, by ev'ry art,
To murder me in bitterness of heart!
And, spite of common sense, and reason's law,
Could kill me with a feather or a straw;
Or, if allow'd to use a phrase well known,
Me in a drop of water they could drown.

But, lest the fair should any umbrage take,
That I invidious exceptions make,
The compliment I'll to the ladies pay
(If compliment it can be call'd,) to say,
The other sex is just as bad as they.

C. M.

CHARADE.

MY first may be had,
All sorts, good and bad,
For money, like most other things;
'Tis both black and white,
A spice, if I'm right,
That seasons many good things.

My second is green,
And mostly is seen

In gardens, as it is a herb;
For tho' it's not wrong,
To say it is strong,
I'm sure it's a noun, not a verb.

My whole, I've been told,
At gin shops is sold;
It also by chemists is used,
Confectioners too,
Come in for their due,
In lozenges they have transfused.

Z. Z.

SOLUTION

OF THE TWO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

1.

MILD *Cowslip*, when spring has asserted his pow'rs,
And spread through the world all the pleasures of May,
I love, with some friend, to enjoy his bright hours,
And to see thy sweet blossom enliven our way.

For the flow'rets that rise from fair nature's rude bed,
That spring up, unfester'd by man or his art,
Whose bountiful fragrance diffusive is spread,
Give a pleasure unfelt by the world-engross'd heart.

They are emblems of genius, uncultur'd and free,
Where science has taught not, nor learning been giv'n;
Where by native exertion the bright-blooming tree
Rears its fruit-bearing head, and looks proudly to heav'n!

June 5, 1809. J. M. L.

2.

TO THE HORN-BOOK.

LITTLE friend of life's beginning,
Dear thy mem'ry is to me;
Ere the mind is prone to sinning,
Wisdom bids us look to thee.

There, in letters proudly glowing,
We the *alphabet* behold;
And the child, no letter knowing,
Likes their looks in red or gold.

But the boy, as age increases,
Spurns the toy of childhood's hour;
Dependence upon that now ceases,
And his mind feels greater pow'r.

Yet should man, as mem'ry wanders,
Hold its recollection dear;
And think 'twas once, as thus he ponders,
All his hope, and all his fear!

June 5, 1809. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are so much in arrears to our poetical friends, that we are still under the necessity of apologizing for the delay of several favours lately received: among those intended for insertion are, Damon and Lucinda —A Sonnet, on Reading a Passage in the Novel of the Children of the Abbey—Pastorals, by B.—and summer, by J. Hawkins, which should have appeared this month, but for its great length: some other favours from this correspondent are also unavoidably omitted.

Oscar has our thanks; we have gratified our own feelings by inserting the elegant compliment addressed to an ingenious correspondent.

The Furze Cutter is unavoidably deferred.

In consideration of the indisposition of Mrs. P. for which we are much concerned, we have inserted only part of her communication this month, that we may have a supply for the next, without giving her trouble.

Our Correspondents are again requested to observe, that we cannot acknowledge any article received after the 18th.

In a Narrative of real Events, left for our review, we see nothing particular to censure, nor yet any thing to commend; we therefore prefer passing it over in silence. It will be returned, on application at the publishers.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Mackenzie sculp.

Marchioness of Exeter

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